## Ace Troubleshooter, But For Grace

Fire burns in the grate
The guilt burns in the breast
Of every prisoner
The guilty, the condemned
Death is red on their hands
The galling chains reminding
Every minute
The Law that was broken

Silent as the grave Covering deeds, covering man Eyes that pierce and blaze Wounded hands, stretching out To save

Moonlit nights on their knees Stifling screams ready To break from conscience The voice of the innocent So the time marches on The future melts into the past At last, the bitter reprieve

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